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Young Ramble Away

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YOUNG RAMBLE AWAY.

THE SQUIRE AND GIPSEY GIRL



ONE spring morning early a squire was straying,
Over the beauties that nature gave birth,
The primrose bloom'd forth, the young lambs were playing
He sighed, I am lonely on this beauteous earth;
But what are those notes that echo thro' the valley,
Yon smoke that's ascending shall be my guide,
Let her be what she may—either wealthy or lowly,
I swear by the powers I will make her my bride.

He had not strayed far when struck with amazement,
He had scarcely trod far in the deep woody dell,
By the side of the camp two eyes shone like diamonds,
And there he beheld a dark gipsy girl.
Struck with such beauty, he was quite delighted,
He forgot all his ancestors family pride,
Shall I tell you your fortune? Dearest I know it,
The fortune I crave is you for my bride.

You shall live in a castle surrounded by servants,
Silk and fine satin shall be your attire,
My sweet gipsy bride shall be looked on with envy,
As she rides in the carriage as the wife of a squire;
So fly with me now, in a few months I'll marry,
As man and wife we together can dwell,
I'm not of age that's the reason I tarry,
But I'm sure for to marry the dark gipsy girl.

Would you wish to insult me with your grand proposal,
You would have a poor girl to misery be led,
A crust of brown bread with honour and virtue,
The moss be my pillow, the grass be my bed;
Any poor girl led away by temptation,
And a false flattering tongue, too late to retreat,
Another fair beauty is won by false flattery,
And the poor gipsy wanderer is turned on the streets.

I will tell you a secret my virtuous young squire,
The gipsy will notto misery be led,
The bright golden circle must be on my finger,
Then thro' the church is the way to my bed.
I am a poor gipsy—you are a squire,
With wealth and great beauty at your command,
But there's more honest virtue in the poor and lowly,
Than half your proud ladies that walk thro' the land.

As for your horses, your carriage and splendour,
Your promise to make me as rich as a queen
Throw them all to the dirt while I so light hearted,
Can ride on my Neddy that stands on the green,
My life shall be frugal, I will stop with the gipsies,
Tho' frugal my meals, and my bed may be hard,
When this frame's done its work, and I go to my Maker,
I'll be borne by six maidens to the village churchyard.

How this matter ended, I did not stop to listen,
But some months passed over and winter drew near,
I passed by a mansion, all was joy and splendour,
The vallies they echoed with cheer after cheer;
These words met my ear, and filled my heart with pleasure,
May they well prosper, providence be their guide,
Hail, Hail, to the squire with his little treasure,
Long life to Zylena, the dark gipsy bride.

JOHN ADWIRE ANGLANNA.

London:—H. Such, Printer & Publisher,
177, (late 128, Union Street, Boro'—S. E.

ONE morning as I started from the house of Morpheus,
The hounds and trumpets rattled which caus'd the earth
to quake;

The green bird and the badger they stood a royal battle,
And Reynard in the forest so sportingly did play;
The huntsman in distraction viewing the plains of hunting,
By the games adopted to each sporting train;
It's home we'll steer in sorrow as royalty is banished,
And John my dear, you are coming, deluded of your game.

When first I saw dear Annie she filled my heart with rapture,
Being placed upon a sofa in the merry month of May,
And while I stood astonished viewing this charming goddess.
Her golden locks hanging down her slender waist;
By the glance of this object in the greatest style demolished,
She spoke to me as follows, saying lie aside all care,
So relent and take compassion on lovely dear young Annie,
I'd think myself most happy if she call'd me her slave.

The blackbird and the thrushes warbling along the bushes
The nightingale and linnets so sweetly did rove,
The woodcock in the forest, the lark along the grove,
And lovely young dear Annie joined them in the choir,
How elegant doth the fishes swim along the river,
The wild-duck and the widgeon so merrily do rove,
All rejoiced full hearty for none but lovely Annie,
I took her as a goddess shaded by the grove.

As I roved forth in sorrow down along the valley,
I saw lovely young dear Annie sitting by a shade,
My eyes began to dazzle, condemned my thoughts,
Repulsing, I then took off my hat and accosted this fair
My joys were great, in short when smilingly she asked,
Young man, you seem a stranger, pray from whence you
I am a Galway man by extraction bred in Connemara,
And John Adwire Anglanna they call me by name.

YOUNG RAMBLE AWA

AS I was walking down Birmingham-street,
With my scarlet cloak and all complete,
Enough to entice all the young girls I see,
With jovial companions called Ramble Away.

As I was a walking up Birmingham fair,
I saw pretty Nancy a combing her hair:
I tipp'd her the wink and she roll'd her black eye,
Says I to myself I'll be with you by and by.

As I was walking one night in the dark,
I took pretty Nancy to be my sweetheart,
She smiled in my face and thus to me did say,
Arn't you the young man they call Ramble Away?

I say pretty Nancy don't smile in my face,
For I do not intend to stop long in this place,
I tipp'd her the double to fair Yorkshire.
I told her I'd ramble the d— knows where.

When twenty-four long weeks was over and past,
This pretty fair maid fell sick at last,
Her gown would not meet nor her apron string tie,
And she longed for the sight of Young Ramble Away.

My dad and mam they're both gone from home,
And when they return I will sing them a song,
I'll sing them a song and leave them to say,
No doubt you've been playing with Ramble Away.
So come all you pretty maidens wherever you be,
A-courting the young men don't be so free,
But dress yourselves up and set off to the play,
No doubt you will meet with Young Ramble Away.